Syracuse, July 7, 1871.

Dear Wife:

I have scarcely ever had a more uncomfortable ride than that of Wednesday from Boston to this city. The heated state of the weather was very protracting; but the special annoyance was the constant smoke and dust coming into the cars, through the open windows. Charlotte Coffin, however, stood the journey much better than I did. I have never travelled so rapidly before — averaging at least 35 miles an hour the whole distance. We arrived here at fifteen minutes past 7 — Mr. Wilkinson meeting us at the depot with his carriage, I having telegraphed him at Worcester that we were coming. We saw nobody that we knew on the way. Mr. W's new house is said to be the best built one in Syracuse, and is admirably planned and a very charming residence. He has so altered the old place that it is not recognizable; and every change is certainly a marked improvement.

We found that Joseph and John Edward May, Abby May, Mr. Alcott, and Frederick Southingham had already come. Mr. May, of Leicester, with Addie and his brother John, George B. Emerson, and Rev. Mr. Tilden came the next morning.

I got little or no sleep that night, the weather was so sultry, and feeling so debilitated. I tried in vain to think what I should say at the funeral; but how vain are words to express the feelings of the heart — especially in such a case!

After breakfast yesterday morning, we had a family service around the coffin which contained all that was mortal of our beloved S. J. May. Prayer was offered by Mr. Tilden, portions of Scripture read, and remarks of a fitting and admirable character made by Mr. Alcott and others. It was an occasion of profound feeling to all present, and a hallowed influence was upon us all.

The funeral services at the church lasted from half past 2 to 5 P. M. As you will find a very full report of the proceedings in the Standard of this morning — a copy of which I shall try to mail with this — I need not attempt to describe them. They were in the highest degree impressive, and the tenderness of the occasion was something wonderful. The services at the grave were also very touching. The features of the deceased were almost as pleasant and natural as in life. He seemed to be in a slumber — nothing more. Was there ever a human being more beloved? Was there ever a better man on earth?

Among those at the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Auburn. I had but a moment to speak to him, and he invited me to go with them to Auburn in the evening train; but I could not leave so abruptly. I have concluded to go to Auburn to-day, pass the night there, and

return here to-morrow, and go with the Alcott to spend Sunday with Gerrit Smith who is not well, and who therefore did not trust himself at the funeral. On Monday night I hope to be in Northampton, and shall try to be with you by Thursday evening. You can drop me a line to Harry's address; and if you desire me to return sooner, you have only to signify it. I should like very much to make a longer visit in Auburn, but I cannot do so / in view of wishing to spend the Sunday at Peterboro'.

How I wish you could have been present at the funeral obsequies! The attendance was immense, and the line of carriages very extended. It was an affecting sight to see the Sunday school children casting their bunches of flowers into the grave of the dear departed one.

Love to the children, and regard to Miss Dow. Your loving W. L. G.